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THE ✕
ALAMO ✕
AND OTHER POEMS
VIOLA RILEY BERRY.



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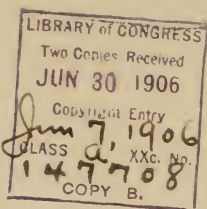
THE ALAMO

AND OTHER POEMS

Viola Riley Berry

"

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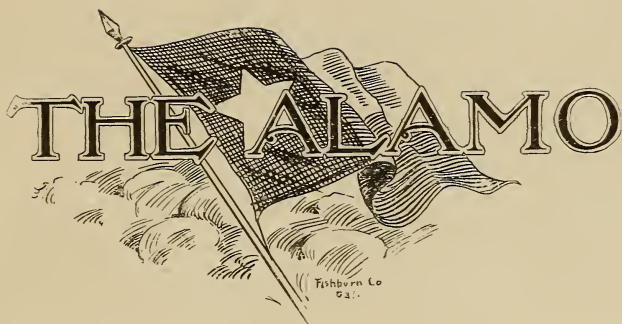
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TO MY HUSBAND.
WHOSE KINDNESS AND ASSISTANCE HAVE MADE ITS
PRODUCTION POSSIBLE.
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MAY, 1946
VIOLA RILEY BERRY



CHAPTER I.

Within the ancient domains of Old Mexico,
The realm of Montezuma, sweet with flowers,
And rich with dazzling gold, the stately Alamo
Lifts her grim walls and towers,
A mission house, secure and plain,
Built by the warrior priests of Spain.
When to the sword they lent their arts,
And with religion won the hearts
Of Anahuac's* squaws and braves,
Then took their homes and made them slaves;
In Jesus' name they wrought their purpose fell,
And preached of heaven, while thus they aided hell.

*Old Indian name for Mexico.

But in a land where Freedom set her seal,
And where her spirit breathes in every leaf and flower
What soul so base can tread her vales, nor feel
The elevating influence of her power?
For noble thoughts give birth to noble deeds,
As flowers spring from flowers, weeds from weeds;
And in a land where Montezuma died,
And with his latest breath his conquerors defied,
Even his foes must deem him good and great,
And first admire, then strive to imitate.

And here, where conquering and imperious Spain
Had thought to found new empires for her crown;
Where, for two hundred years, her tyrannical reign
And cruel laws had borne the Aztecs down
With chains which they were powerless to break,
(For when men kneel to strangers and forsake
The shrines and altars where their fathers bled,
Their gods forsake them, and their cause is dead),
Her sons rebel, the Spanish rule revoke,
In Freedom's name throw off the foreign yoke.
In this fair land that once was Freedom's own,
They breathe her air, and they at length have grown
Too great for bondage, but not great enough to give
The precious boon to others which they themselves receive.

Years yet must come and centuries pass away
Before the dawning of that perfect day
When the descendants of false and treacherous Spain
Can rise above their source, and wash away the stain
Of hate and greed and rapine which their sires
Passed on to them, together with the fires
Of hate and malice, so they should be rated from,
Not what they are, but what they've overcome.

O! glorious land, where every zone and clime
Has given of her store the fairest and the best,
Where dewy vale and mountain height sublime
In graceful and harmonious union rest,
In thee each exiled wanderer may find
The land he loved, the home he left behind.
The Russian serf may find his groves of pine,
While overhead the snows of winter shine;
The warlike Greek, who flies from home and chains,
May find again, in thee, his mountains and his plains,
May look above thy hills and see Hellenic coloring there,
While he in Freedom breathes again his own pellucid air;
The proud and gallant Pole, true to the past, and brave,
May find again, in thee, the land he could not save—
Thy bordering hills, thy wide expanse of plain,
Give back the home for which he fought in vain.

When to this land the changeful years shall bring
The spirit heirs of its great martyr king;
When its rich dales and plains once more are rife
With useful industries and friendly strife:
When men already true and great shall come
And make this land their country and their home;
When 'neath these lucid, azure skies
Their children play, and all the tender ties
Of love and home together weave their spell,
While 'round them crumbling walls and ruins tell
Of days gone by, of glory past,
Of men who fought and gave their last
Warm heart's blood for their cherished land,
And Inspiration with her wand
Of Memory writes upon each heart
The lessons of that noble past,
In thoughts indelible and vast—
Then shall this realm once more attain
Its pristine glory, and the stain
Of slavery for aye depart,
Cleansed by the blood of heroes brave,
Who dare the battle's strife and pains,
Who deem more blest the bloodiest grave
Than the most peaceful life in chains.

THE ALAMO

CHAPTER II.

Scarce had the throes of revolution ceased
And peace once more her fair dominion claimed,
Scarce were the ranks of war and strife released,
And Mexico a sovereign nation named,
Than to that realm that northward lies
From the blue waters of the Mexican sea,
Where valleys smile and verdant mountains rise
And antelopes still roam, untamed and free,
There came a band of hardy pioneers,
Lured by the pledge of Mexico so fair,
Of land and liberty to all who settled there.

In spite of Indian tomahawks and spears,
Columbia's sons, with eager hearts and hands,

Come thronging to this new Eutopia,
And settle first upon the fertile lands
That nestle 'round the forts of San Antonio;
Then, spread outward from this central place,
The settlements move, and soon fair cities grace
The dales and plains of Texas. The hum
Of industry on every side is heard;
The population swells, the time has come
For Mexico to keep her plighted word
And grant home rule to the brave men who toil
To make their province glorious and bright;
Who struggle with the Indians, till the soil,
While watching ever for the dawning light
Of that glad day when they shall see
Their province sovereign and free,
One of a union of independent states.
This is the hope that moves and animates
The patriot band upon the wilderness
To bear their hardships, dangers and distress.

Gladly they toil while Hope's inspiring sun
Paints bows of promise on each cloud that rolls
Across the landscape of their freeborn souls,
Until, at last, their noble task is done,
And their part of the contract carried through.

And now they wait in patience and relief,
When messengers arrive from Mexico
To take the rule from their great chief,
Austin, their noble emprisario,
And join to Coahuila their young state.

Now from her sons, by wrongs made desperate,
Is heard the cry of wrath and discontent,
Like the hoarse mutterings of internal fires
Ere the volcano is with eruptions rent,
And, yielding to his colonists' desires,
Their chieftain goes to Mexico once more
To plead their cause, if possible to restore
Their chartered rights.

As he proceeds,
His heart with hope and courage high,
Proudly he gazes where fair nature spreads
Her glowing charms before the enraptured eye.
The waving grass and radiant beds
Of blooming flowers in sweet ranks
Upon the meads and river banks,
Mingle their perfumes on the air
As if the Deity were there,



Austin at the River Grande

That Aztecs worshiped in the breath
Of fruits and flowers, and the wreath
That pious fingers then did twine
And lay upon his sacred shrine,
Still blooms in beauty, fair and sweet,
And forms a carpet for his feet.

O! such a land and such a clime
Would wake fond hopes and dreams sublime,
In every breast not wholly lost.
O! how felt Austin as he crossed
The borders of that wondrous land
And loitered at the river Grande
To take a lingering farewell look
At grassy plain and babbling brook,
Of his own country, whose expanse
Would be a rich inheritance,
The birthright of his posterity,
And his brave comrades' with whose aid
A glorious province he had made
And rescued from obscurity.

As he loiters in the shade
By tropic vines and palm trees made,

His heart is filled with visions bright
Of his dear land when peace and right
Should over all that realm prevail,
And planning for his country's weal
He plunges in the river wide,
And soon has reached the other side.

Now through splendid solitudes
Of fragrant flowers and lofty woods,
His pathway lies where, shining yet,
Is Freedom's eternal coronet,
Which, when all other lights are gone,
Will high above the mouldering fires
Of crumbling empires still shine on,
To wake glad hopes and grand desires,
In every heart whom adverse fate
Has rendered dark and desolate.

But on this land has fallen a blight,
That darkens all her beaming light,
For men who late in Freedom's cause
Had faced the foe and broken his power,
Are victims now of unjust laws,
And in vile servitude must cower.

While pity fills his generous breast
For these poor peons* thus oppressed,
He hopes that when his state shall send
Her statesmen there, they will amend
The laws and then this land shall be
Once more the shrine of Liberty,
And strife from these domains depart.
For, while round his patriotic heart
Sweet Charity her mantle flings,
He hopes that this injustice springs
More from ignorance than from greed,
That all the ruling classes need
Is for some patriot to show
How justice to both high and low
Will most advance their country's good,
And make her sons one brotherhood;
Who then in hope may toil or fight
For happy homes and hearthstones bright.
Then shall their discontentment cease
And this glad land be known afar
As just and glorious in peace,
But still invincible in war.

*A person made a slave for debt in Mexico.



He enters a deep vale of flowers
And Mexico's bright domes and towers
Stand out in picturesque relief.

While dreaming of a future bright
For his dear land, the days and nights
Of his long journey soon are past,
And he has reached his goal at last.
He enters a deep vale of flowers,
And Mexico's bright domes and towers
Stand out in picturesque relief
Against high mounts whose heads of snow
Are mirrored in the lakes below,
Where the cheriostemon* lifts in grief
The image of that gory hand,
That stained with blood the peaceful land
Of Azteca. The ambrosial breeze,
Odorous with blooming locust trees
And orange groves, magnolias white
And tulips with their blossoms bright
Is wafting to his raptured ear
The evening vespers sweet and clear
As 'neath the evening's gathering shades,
The last bright beam of daylight fades.

*A plant of Mexico whose flower is a perfect imitation of a blood-red hand.

THE ALAMO

CHAPTER III.

Bright breaks the dawn, from sheltering trees
The mock-bird pipes its matin song,
Upon the fragrant, languid breeze
Its notes are swelling glad and strong,
And now like tints of brilliant shells
The misty clouds are turning;
And soon above the eastern hills
The orb of day is burning,
Transforming with its golden glow
The fortress walls and city spires,
Kindling the dewy leaves below,
And mountain tops with crystal fires.

Soon the streets are crowded with the throng
Of busy people hurrying along,
And Austin hastens to the council halls,
To lay before its members the details
Of his state's grievances, to claim redress
For wrongs, but owing to the press
Of weightier business, so the Mexicans claim,
His cause must rest, and Texas bide her time.

He waits within the chamber to hear the pressing theme,
Sees Patriotism stifled, and oppression reign supreme.
Then Austin leaves the chamber with sad and thoughtful
brow;
No hope of justice for his land lives in his bosom now,
But he resolves to labor in her cause and persevere,
To contend for freemen's rights boldly without fear,
To do his duty bravely nor heed the tyrants,
And leave the issue of his work to the justice of his God.

After long months of waiting,
Austin gains the council floor,
And asks the government to keep
Its pledges made of yore.
In vain he urges justice;

Santa Anna's wily art
Has conquered the assembly,
And right and peace depart.

Then in the tyrant's, stronghold
Austin rises in his place,
With flashing eyes and ringing voice,
Defies him to his face.

"Fellow citizens of Mexico :

With

The argument of might
You have overturned the government,
And nullified the right.
You have violated our charter,
And broken your pledged word ;
You have desolated our fair land
With the violence of the sword.
But we, who grew in Freedom's soil
And breathed her inspiring air,
Will fight in Liberty's dear name
Through sorrow or despair ;
Will give our lives a sacrifice
Upon her altar bright,

Ere we will bear injustice,
Or own the tyrant's might.

“So bring your blood-hounds to your aid,
And sound your bugle shrill,
Calling your minions from the glade,
The mine, the field, the hill.
To forge the fetters for our land,
Or steep our plains in gore
And you will find, though small our band,
God arms us with his power.
For He who rules the universe
Knows that our cause is just;
Knows that the present turmoil is
The offspring of your lust,
And He who gave the Israelites
A David in their need,
Has still the power to rescue
Our country from your greed.”

When generals lead their armies out
To fight their country's foe,
Their country's flag, their comrades shout
Their common weal or woe;

Inflame them to the fierce attack
And nerve them in the fight,
And cheer them when the volleys black,
Of smoke obscure their sight
And when they fall as victims brave,
Defending flag and home,
Honor will seek their gory grave,
And mark it for her own.

But when a patriot dares to stand
Amidst his foes alone,
And valiantly defend his land
'Gainst a usurper's throne,
For him though chains may bind him fast
And ignominy dark,
Upon his reputation cast
Her foul, polluting mark.
For him his country's love and fame,
Reserve the brightest bays
To wreath around his noble name,
And crown him with their praise.

And he who stood in honor bright
Amid that Mexican throng,
Contending for his country's rights,
While facing fraud and wrong,
Will live in Texan hearts for aye
Enshrined among the brave
Who fought on Freedom's natal day.
And filled a soldier's grave.

.

THE ALAMO

CHAPTER IV.

'Twas noon when, from the fragrant vale,
Rode Austin, who, for two long years,
Had languished in a Mexican jail;
With other thoughts his bosom stirs
Than those which filled his breast when first
The city on his vision burst.

Then every sound the zephyrs bore
To his glad ear some promise wore;
Some prophecy of future good,
When Mexico in her pride should be
As far above the raging flood

Of vice and wrong and tyranny,
As her magnificent plaza stands
'Bove pestilential valley lands.

But now, with disillusioned eyes,
He views the glowing earth and skies,
And there, amidst her domes and towers,
Her lucious fruits and langrous flowers,
Her churches and her altars fair,
Where black-robed sisters kneel in prayer,
And chant their vespers, there, e'en there,
He sees the serpent's trail; each bloom
Now whispers of the peons' doom,
Whose unrequited labor made
Those avenues of bloom and shade.

Now as his vision chanced to range
To crumbling ruins near the road,
He sighed to mark the woeful change
That Cortez wrought. Amidst the load
Of bondage settling o'er the land,
And its attendant grief and pain,
These monuments of ancient worth,
In ruin still august and grand,

Bear testimony of the truth
Of Montezuma's glorious reign.
And Austin felt that bond sublime,
That links the soul of noble men
In every age and every clime.
As men of ancient pedigree
Revere the heroes of their line,
So looked he back in sympathy
To him who died without a sign,
Upon a bed of burning coals.*
A victim of Spain's cruelty.
While Time's ceaseless cycle rolls,
The memory of this deed shall be
A drawn sword o'er that nation's head,
Where e'er her treacherous armies tread,
And she shall victory know no more.
Upon the ocean or the shore.

Ah, Montezuma! once thy land
Was glorious and free,
From mountain gorge to ocean strand,
The shrine of Liberty.
Thy subjects seeing in thy face
The majesty of kingly grace.

*When Montezuma was being tortured on a bed of live coals in order to force him to disclose the locality of his mines, he spoke only once. When his secretary, who shared the same fate, showed signs of weakening, Montezuma smiled and said, "I am resting on a bed of roses." Both died without revealing the secret.

Tried thy pure life to imitate,
And serving thee, they too were great,
Learned vice and cruelty to abhor,
And e'en forgot the art of war.

But thou hadst reached the highest plane
That human excellence can know,
Better to die without a stain,
Unyielding to a treacherous foe,
Than live thy term out, to its close,
The servant of thy country's foes.

When Pallas, with impartial pen,
Makes record of thy times and men,
Then shall thy glorious fame amass
New luster as the years shall pass.

While the judge, relentless Time,
Brings retribution for all crime,
While Cortez, neath his sovereign's blame,
Sinks down in poverty and shame,
And the dynasty which thus requites
Its subjects who have served it best,
Stabs patriotism in the breasts

Of all its subjects, and ignites
The fires of treachery and hate.
Columbia, pointing to thy fate.
Will teach her sons to emulate
Thy noble courage and the love
Of home and country that shall move
Their freeborn souls, will speed the dart
Of vengeance through the oppressor's heart.

THE ALAMO

CHAPTER V.

'Tis midnight, calm and still, and over all
The gracious blessings of restful slumber fall.
The tiny babe clasped to its mother's breast,
The father near, who guards and shares their rest,
The happy maid, thrilled by her sweetheart's kiss,
The stalwart lover, still dreaming of the bliss,
The young and old alike lie undisturbed, the zephyrs woo
To deeper sleep, when suddenly a long and loud "hallow!"
Of vengeful triumph from a thousand savage lungs
Wakes every settler, a thousand glaring tongues
Of lurid flame leap madly in the air,
Fed by the settlers' homes. The scene, erstwhile so fair,
Is changed to one of carnage. When men, as yet

Unarmed, rush from their burning thresholds, they are met
By arrows sped from unseen hands. Their cry
Is vain to warn their loved ones. Thus they die
Victims of the treacherous red man's hate,
And wives and children share their bloody fate.

One fair young wife, alone, whose beauty caught
The brutal fancy of their chief, was brought
Unto his wigwam with her child clasped to her heart,
As though in life no force the twain could part.

On deeds like these dire Vengeance follows fast,
And neighboring settlements are roused at last,
Who, fired to madness by the sight of women slain,
Now chase the howling demons in fury o'er the plain.

Fast fly the Indians, but faster still their foe,
And with unerring aim, they slay them as they go.
While they hurry onward the infant's plaintive cry
Annoys the cruel chieftain, and he swears the child shall die.

He tore the child with savage glee
From the trembling mother's breast,
Where she had vainly tried to soothe
Its frightened sobs to rest.
Oh! there was no darker deed
In that foul night of strife;
He threw it screaming in the air
And caught it on his knife.
The mother, mad with horror,
With a cry of anguish wild,
Tore loose the bonds that bound her
And died beside her child.

When the settlers were returning
That eve at set of sun,
The prairie strewn with Indians slain,
Their work of vengeance done,
They found beaneath a lone mesquite
Upon the prairie wild,
The lifeless mother, baptized with
The life-blood of her child.



They found beneath a lone mesquite
The lifeless mother baptised with
The life blood of her child.

The two were taken tenderly
Across the prairie wide,
And laid, in grief and sorrow,
By the murdered husband's side.

Beneath the ashes of that home
Where their young lives were blest,
In death's eternal union
The three were laid to rest,
While prayers and tears were given
By rugged men and brave,
Who vowed to guard with greater care
Their loved from such a grave.

They stood not still in sorrow,
For the awful murders done
In the future must be prevented,
By the bayonet and the gun;
So they built upon the Gaudalupe,
In memory of these
Who died beneath the tomahawk,
The fortress, Gonzales.

And on this consecrated ground,
Baptized with blood and fire,
Their loved ones found a safe retreat
From the red man's savage ire.

Many a time the bugle's blast,
In accents shrill and clear,
Has warned the neighboring settlements
That Indian foes were near.

Then hastening from their scattered homes,
When e'er they heard the call,
They placed their loved ones safely
Behind its sheltering walls
Till they could drive the Indians back
Across the rolling plain,
Then with their loved ones would return to their own homes
again.

THE ALAMO

CHAPTER VI.

When Austin first returned
From Mexican prison walls,
His people, his heart's children,
To Gonzales he called.
Like a father in their midst,
Reverend and grave he stood,
And told of Mexican treachery,
And fraud and vile falsehood.

E'en while they listened to this tale,
With wrath and passions high,
A band of armed soldiers

From Mexico drew nigh.
The captain rode up boldly,
With leveled gun and sword,
And shouted to the assembled citizens,
“Disperse, ye rebel horde.”

Then Austin, like a patriot brave,
Made answer just and true:
“Our meeting is a lawful one,
And will not disperse for you.
But if you bring a message
From Mexico today,
With patience we will listen
To what you wish to say.

Then thus spake the captain,
“His Majesty of Mexico,*
Sends word to you, his subjects,
If your fealty you would show,
To send back by my soldiers
Your guns and army stores.
For he has heard it rumored
That you’ve denied his power.
But if you do his bidding

*About this time Santa Anna declared himself Emperor of Mexico.

He will know that you are true,
And his gracious love and favor
Will be granted then to you.

These sturdy sons of Freedom
Saw at once the hidden lie,
They knew the message's meaning
Was "war or slavery,"
But they shrank not from war's dangers,
Nor shunned its toils and pains,
For the blood that flowed at Lexington
Still ran within their veins.
Such blood can never hesitate
Nor shrink in dire alarms,
Between a base surrender
Or the using of its arms.

So Austin, in his wisdom,
Made answer once again:
"Your ruler knows that we, who dwell
Upon this hostile plain
Would fall beneath the Indian's wrath
Before tomorrow's sun
If they should find us helpless
Without a sword or gun.

So you may tell him this for us :
'We have no wish for strife,
But at his word we do not care
To give up home or life,
And this demand that he has made
We promptly do decline ;
The boon of liberty God gave
We never will resign.' "

Then, deigning not to make reply,
The captain, with a frown,
Shouted to his waiting soldiers,
"Shoot every rebel down,
Nor leave a man to tell the tale
In this accursed town."

Scarce had their rifles spoken
Ere the Texans made reply,
While the fire of patriotism beamed
In every flashing eye,
And gun and sword and cannon
Flashed in the noonday sun,
And soon they raised a joyous cry,
"They run, the Mexicans run!"

But swift o'er valley, hill and plain
They chased the flying foe
Who paused not till they safety found
Within the Alamo.

Then to the garrison within
They told a wondrous tale
Of overwhelming numbers
'Gainst which nothing could prevail,
And quaking Fear with palsied hand
Seized every coward heart,
And all their boasted courage
In a moment did depart.
And messengers in haste were sent
For aid to Mexico,
To help to make them more secure
Against so strong a foe.

Early one morning when the night
Still held her mantle o'er the slumbering town
And glittering stars like heaven's eye of light
Illumining the dark, were looking down
In tranquil beauty; when the sun
Had sent his first faint couriers to reveal
His speedy coming; the patriots one by one
Into the city silently did steal,
Save one small band, who boldly to the right,
Entered the city as if to woo the fight.

The picket guards, in haste their bugles blow;
The half-waked soldiers swiftly fly to arms
And train their guns upon the coming foe.
But, hark to the west new and more dire alarms
Await them. An old deserted mill
Silent before, now speaks with tongue of flame
And voice of thunder which with confusion fill
The Mexican ranks, who scarcely know the name
Of Freedom, who fight for greed of gold
Or lust of power, or vile fear,
Like beasts who dread the lash their masters hold
To keep them in submission. When they hear
The booming guns like a challenge from their fate,
Trembling they turn while fear doth magnify
The Texan army into a multitude so great
That hastily they leave their guns to fly.

A few bold officers their courage now retain
And they with promises and threats and fixed bayonets
The cowards check and drive them back again
To their deserted guns. Now they set

The bloody banner overhead which meant
"Death to the conquered." Thus with a counter-fear
Their servile minions are to the battle sent
Who now fight with the fury of despair
And ape heroic deeds by terror driven,
While for the creed of others they read their own
"No quarter need be asked where none is given,
Nor mercy looked for where none is shown."

A patriot band oppose their might,
Strong in the power of God and right,
Who fight for liberty and home,
Their heritage of truth and faith,
Who'd rather ever houseless roam
Cheered on by Freedom's voice and breath,
And then, when every hope was past,
Die, true, beneath her flag at last,
Than bow the head or bend the knee
To Mexican fraud and tyranny
Though honors high or treasures great
Were sure such treachery to requite.

Slowly the patriots with faces firmly set
Toward the strong battlements of their desperate foe

Now sheltered by a wall, now in the open street,
Fighting and struggling still yet ever onward go,
Calm in the face of Death. Thrice hath the sun
Risen upon the conflict still he greets
Each valiant Texan though the guns
Still belch their murderous fire and the streets
Are red with gore and piled with Mexicans slain.

But the brave Milam, as from house to house he goes,
Careless of self beneath the leaden rain,
Now falls the first victim of the beleaguered foes.
True to the last and with his last breath
Shouted their watchword, "Liberty or death!"

Did the brave Texans pause
When died their leader brave?
Nay, nay, the glorious cause
Still lived for which he gave
His noble life. Their watchword now
A message from his spirit bore
And gave each loyal heart and brow
A strength they never felt before.

When darkness once again upon the conflict fell
The little band crept through the shadows dim
And seized the house where the Mexican priests did dwell,
When morning came their guns and cannon grim
Were trained upon the Alamo. One volley now
Drives every Mexican back. The bloody flag is gone,
And in its stead o'er the mission's silent brow
A snowy banner greets the rising sun.
Sueing for peace from those whom late
The bigot Mexicans swore
To conquer and annihilate.
The struggle now is o'er;
The cries of victory that arise
From the Texan ranks proclaim
That victory still with Freedom lies.
They conquered in her name,
But to their humbled foe they gave
The forfeited mercy of the brave.

On parole they let the Mexicans go
Back to their homes in Mexico.
Then with glad hearts and joyous faces
Marched in and took the vacant places.
O! never had these grim old walls
Received so brave a crew
As this which claims their shelter now,

With courage, firm and true,
And Nature smiles her proudest smile
To greet her welcome guests
Who shun no toil nor danger
In Freedom's glorious quest.

Tonight the sun with lingering glow
Looks last upon the Alamo
As if, in all that country round,
Where zephyrs from the Mexican sea
Thrill the rapt ear with melody,
No spot so pleasing he had found.
Then pauses her dear towers to bless
And leave a lover's sweet caress.
Now, as if they feel the bliss
And benediction of his kiss,
The soldiers sink to their repose
While twilight lingers in the west
And pickets guard their quiet rest
And listen for their foes.

THE ALAMO

CHAPTER VII.

Through chilly eves and frosty morning hours
These ancient walls echoed our soldiers tread,
While golden leaf and gorgeous autumn flowers
Glowed brighter, far, than Summer's radiant bed
Cheering their exile while they dream of friends and home
And see that home made fair by Freedom's light
Where strife and tyranny may never come
But peace and hope dwell 'neath the rule of right.

E'en while these visions cheered our soldiers still
And mirage-like glowed bright before their eyes,
Stern Santa Anna with his despotic will
Roused all his legions with promises and lies.

Furious with rage when home his soldiers came
With neither flags nor guns nor spoils of war,
With cunning messages their passions to inflame,
To all his regions he sent his heralds far,
Urging his followers who loved their homes to fight
For their country's honor and their sacred faith,
Promising wealth and honor, power and might,
Glory on earth and heaven after death.

All lures and bribes before their minds he placed
Dressed in bright language pilfered from the page
Of holy writ. His purpose foul, thus graced,
Caught saint and sinner, simpleton and sage.

Too well he knew the Devil's greatest power
Lies in his cunning similitude of right.
A power begotten in that dark hour
He first planned treason 'gainst the God of might,
Tried cautiously at first and whispered low
To one sworn friend, then two, then bolder grown
He spoke to many, won their faith and so
He hurled a host against Jehovah's throne
Only to find though Fate, herself, should fight
That all her thunderbolts in vain were driven.

God is supreme, all strength, all love, all light,
His throne is fixed immovable in heaven,
Nor felt the charge, but from heaven's height was hurled.
With his raging hosts, the author of all sin
Filled with fierce wrath, who in this lower world
Wages the strife which in heaven did begin.

Man is the victim, often man's the tool,
And Santa Anna is now his highest priest,
Strong in eloquence and power to rule,
Claiming God's sanction when serving Mammon most.

With pious words he leads his army back
And proudly boast of Glory for the brave,
Urging them forward to the fierce attack,
The Mexican's triumph and the Texan's grave.

Many follow; even those who swore
To fight the gallant Texans nevermore
Are loudest in their clamor while they boast
Of dire revenge for every banner lost.

The birds that carol in the trees.
The squirrels that chatter in the woods,
The beasts that haunt the solitudes
Of forests wild, these, only these.
Of all who in that realm remain
Their freeborn heritage retain.
For men who drove from out their land
The Spanish hordes and bondage evil
Are ruled by Santa Anna's hand
And he's in bondage to the devil.
And now he strives to make our land
Support his tottering throne
Unknowing that the noble free
Will yield to death alone.

Early one morning the beat of drum, the blast
Of bugle and the lusty clarion call
Awake the slumbering garrison and fast
They rush to every port hole in the wall.
They see their city reposing in the glow
Of rosy morn—like infancy at rest
In innocence and purity, unheeding care and woe
In the calmness of confidence upon its mother's breast.

But further on like the sea's tempestuous tide
An outer city stretches far and wide
Clamorous with noises, tumultuous with strife
And all the many attributes of fierce and bloody life.
It is the Mexican army, proud in its display
Of brilliant uniforms and myriad banners gay.

Though fierce in anger, though they know within
The army's small, they tremble to begin
The struggle fierce. Too well they know
The prowess of each valiant foe.

And so the coward minions wait
In terror at the outer gate
Till reinforcements swell their throng
And make their force ten thousand strong.

Seven score and ten this force oppose
And shout defiance to their foes
And swear their banner e'er shall wave
Above their freedom or their grave.

THE ALAMO

CHAPTER VIII.

As day by day increased the Mexican hosts
And closer drew their lines around our little band,
Bonham, a trusted courier, secretly the borders crossed
And went to ask for aid from their beloved land.

He found that land by discord pierced and torn,
Bleeding and helpless in her hour of need.
Traitors had crossed the threshold and had borne
Her strength away in their unholy greed
To wear the laurels which their state did place
On worthier brows. To death and to disgrace

They led the band which should have gone to save
Their hard-pressed comrades who so bravely did withstand
The Mexican attack and boldly gave
Shot back for shot, then to their chosen land
Offered their lives anew and without dread or pause,
Vowed to achieve her freedom or perish in her cause.

Before the council Bonham did relate
His comrades' danger and their sore distress.
He asked for rescue from their impending fate
From the fierce legions which on every side did press
Eager for blood, determined to o'erthrow
The dauntless few that manned the Alamo.

Vain was his pleading, although his earnest words
Sank deep in hearts already filled with woe.
Potter arose and waving aloft his sword,
Moved that they march at once to aid the Alamo.
Then each heart bounded at the welcome words
"On to the Alamo" was every man's reply
While in the air waved fifty hats and swords,
For all were eager to aid their friends or die.

Now in their midst rose one solemn and grave
And thoughtful ever for his country's weal.
All hushed to listen for all knew him brave
And that his words true wisdom would reveal.

Houston arose: "Friends, with our helpless state
Our duty lies. Our valor, strength and lives
Are not our own but at her call must wait
And she must live though not one here survive.
What is this thing you council? Fifty men
Against an army. A breath against a storm.
It could not help your comrades or your state: why then
Help glut the vengeance of the Mexican swarm?
Think ye those men would have you leave your post?
Nay, they are soldiers tried and true and brave.
They do not value life at such tremendous cost.
Their cherished land they'll gladly die to save.

"Remember states need brains as well as arms
And need them clearest in war's most dire alarms.
Then bide ye here and with your councils grave
Give strength and purpose to the efforts of the brave,
While, aided by your prayers, I go
And take what force I can to aid the Alamo.

Our men are scattered over hill and plain,
The foe are many and very short the time,
And if our hope to save our friends is vain
And they must fall as martyrs in their prime,
Then may the God of Liberty once more
Give vengeance to his people, may the foe
Drink deep the draught which to our land they bore
From the dark fiends that rule in Mexico."

Then Bonham spoke again, "Kind friends and true,
I thank you for the good you fain would do.
You cannot help us now. Your duty plain
Is at your post. Mine, mine again
Points to my comrades. O, believe me, friends,
Though sore our need, your course my heart commends.
Remember strength in union lies, that discord now
Would be your ruin. May our God on high
Guide all your councils. While our strength allows
At sunrise you will hear our signal gun. Collect your men
And hasten. If you fail to hear
Our gun at sunrise, dear friends, know then
That death has come or else is very near;
Then seek the foe elsewhere. Dear friends, good bye."

Though many pleaded with him to remain
Not seek his certain death, 'twas all in vain
Where Honor led, like one of Ancient Rome,
Unmoved, he followed to his certain doom.
Like a charmed knight boldly he went his way
Already bright with glory's brilliant ray.
He rode a mark for every watchful foe
And yet unharm'd he reached the Alamo.
While he was gone from the blue Gaudalope's banks
A few bold spirits had joined the immortal ranks.

Off in the winter's season
A day of summer glow
Comes with the stealth of treason
And unlocks his gates of snow
And the earth in the warmth rejoicing
Smiles back to the glowing sky.
While its feathered crew is reeling its ecstasy on high

So to the men in the mission
In their winter of despair
Came a bright and glowing vision
Of summer warm and fair,
When Bonham on his steed of white
Rode like a sunbeam on their sight.

But like the early flowers of earth
That venture forth to greet the spring,
When smitten by the Frost-king's breath
Their hopes lay dead and withering.

When Bonham gave the message from his state
And each man there knew that he soon must die
Their courage shrank not, but calm, serene and great,
Shone with a radiance reflected from on high.

Then Travis in their midst arose,
Tall like a king among the great
While majesty in calm repose
Shone from his beaming eyes elate.

"Friends and companions, brave and tried,
In every danger true as steel,
In whom my faith has e'er relied
Your destiny I must reveal.

" 'Tis come: the hour of our fate,
You'll meet it like brave men I know
And for the honor of your state
You will not shrink before the foe.

"My friends, I have deceived you long,
Having myself been first deceived
By assurance of assistance strong
And promises of aid which I believed.

"But we must not blame our friends at home
For many have fallen; few remain.
Like patriots let us meet our doom
And let our deaths be Freedom's gain.

"However, no man's choice I make.
If to escape you wish to try,
But for my bleeding country's sake
I mean to battle till I die.

“Since our fate is sealed and we must die
Let each man here such valor show
That fear and dread will magnify
Our numbers to the coward foe.

“O! let us kill them as they come
And kill them as they scale our walls.
We fight for country, friends and home
And every wretched foe that falls

“Will help to break the iron chains
In which our country struggles now.
O, may our efforts and our pains
Help place the laurels on her brow.

“Before us is the most glorious cause
For which a patriot may die—
For country, wife and child. I pause
Dear friends and comrades, for your reply.”

He ceased to speak and over all
There fell the silence of the grave,
The warm and silent drops that fall
Reveal the tenderness of the brave.

O, blame then not if, for awhile
Home-thoughts came thronging thick and fast,
While memory of a sob or smile
Chained their strong spirits to the past.

Scarce had the mist-clouds dimmed their eyes
And home-thoughts stirred each valiant soul
Ere Glory with most brilliant dyes
Revealed to them her dazzling scroll.

And looking down the glowing line
Of future years with faith and trust
They see the full fruition shine
Of all they hope for most.

'Tis o'er, the weakening spell is o'er
And high resolves, in each eye, shine
As before his men, upon the floor
With motion swift, Travis drew a line.

"All who like heroes wish to die
And patriots brave come o'er to me.
Be sure that time will glorify
Your deed to all posterity."

Then over that line of glory eternal
Each man promptly took his place
While the light of valor supernal
Illumined each glowing face.

E'en the sick and helpless were carried
To their place in the ranks of the brave.
Not a man for a moment tarried
In the hope that his life he might save.

The glorious deeds of days ago,
Of Troy and Thermopylae,*
Were stars that paled beside the sun
Of their immortal destiny.

THE ALAMO

CHAPTER IX.

Calmly the sun went down. Hushed were the pain
And strife that filled the day with clamor. Furled
Were the plumes of war and once again
Peace claimed her old dominion o'er the world.

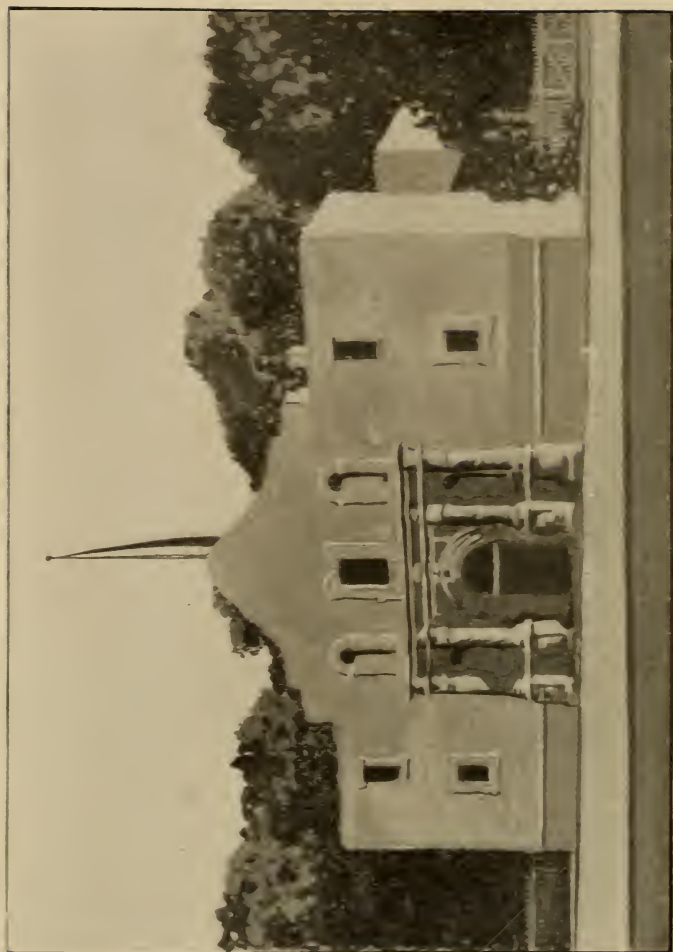
Beyond all earthly aid these soldiers stand
Calm in the anti-chamber of that eternal life
Our blindness hath called death. A grand
And mighty majesty is theirs. The strife
Of months is conquered and afar
Above the gloom of their Gethsemane, for them
The light of heaven dawns, like that bright star
That once stood motionless above fair Bethlehem.

They look on death quite close, beyond its gloom
They catch the gleam of immortality. Its light
Illumines, for them the darkness of the tomb
And casts upon each face a radiance bright.

Awed and transformed awhile they stand
In eloquent silence while in their ears
Like angel music from their rescued land
Rings grateful praise of glad unnumbered years.

Then like an echo, buoyant and strong,
In notes triumphant on the midnight air,
They pour their 'raptured spirits out in song
Of love and home, of faith and hope and prayer.

Too proud to need our pity, too triumphant for our tears,
They stand upon a pinnacle 'twixt the past and future years.
And with prophetic eyes they view a vast unnumbered throng
Who catch the inspiration and glory of that song.



THE ALAMO

As it rings adown the ages, the brave of aftertimes
Will seek their sacred ashes from all countries and all climes,
Will come as pilgrims to a shrine, will kneel above their dust
Will pray for courage strong as theirs, for wisdom true and
just;

And when they to their homes return will be more true and
brave

Because of inspiration gained above that glorious grave.

Heirs of the world's great deeds, more grand, more vast,
The heritage of future years shall be
Than all the mighty records of that splendid past
Enriched by their undying deeds while time shall be.

Just outside the walls of the mission
Santa Anna and his spies linger long.
The spies thrill will fear as they listen
To the triumphant notes of that song.

Its meaning to them was full of terror.
Assistance and rescue were near.
So they shrank from a battle with horror.
In cowardly dread and fear.

But Santa Anna, who might have been truly great
Had holiness found shelter in his heart,
Knew 'twas a hero's welcome sung to a martyr's fate
After all hope of earthly aid did from their hearts depart.

Then, like a demon near the gates of Heaven,
Who sees their bliss but cannot mar its joy,
Who hear their songs borne on the breath of eve'n
Peans of triumph which nothing can alloy,
Sees, hears, and knows their spirits still will be
Undaunted and unconquered, strong and free,
That high above his greatest rage and hate
The glory of their deaths will radiate
In light eternal and blinded by that light
He determines to quench it by the power of his might,
Hoping to keep their courage all unknown
And by a mighty victory make the glory all his own.



And while they died that glorious death
Eternity looked down
And laid upon each martyred brow
Fame's everlasting crown.

With impotent fury, back to his tents he came
And set his minions to his task of death.
Through midnight gloom far flashed his cannon's flame
And with its echoes waked the slumbering earth.

Within the song is hushed. Each soldier's face
Grows stern and hard like a deep-fixed rock
Unmoved by storm or torrent at whose base
The mighty ocean, vainly flings its tidal shock.

Nearest the foe the dauntless Travis stands
Calm, confident, undaunted, like a god
Who knows himself immortal. With his little band
Eager and proud he waits the rising flood.

They wait in perfect silence. From below
The discords of a mighty rabble swell
Above the noise the note of Duquelo*
Rise like a dirge from the blackest depths of hell.

*A national air of Mexico, which means "No Quarter."

With rifles firmly clasped, with heart and brain
Strung to their utmost tension, they wait the light.
Unwilling wait, impatient to begin
Their last great struggle for their country's rights.

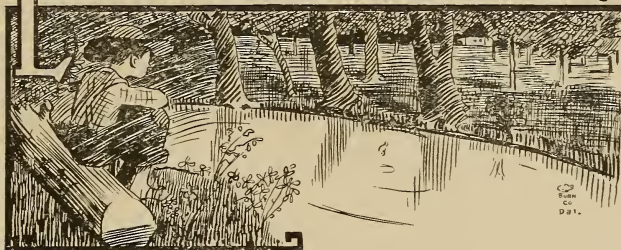
The first grey light reveals the advancing foe.
Instantly the smoke of guns conceals
The glory of the dawn, the eastern glow.
Their groans and clamor now alone reveal
The Mexican hosts. When the smoke has cleared away
Beneath their ladders lies a mass of bleeding clay
That, stilled forever, now greets the god of day.
Over this bleeding mass, their comrades mount again.
Again the breath of cannon sweeps the ladders bare
And in the deathful fury of that leaden rain
The Mexicans pause in terrible despair
And backward turn. Alas! the safety of retreat
Is not for them. Their officers, like demons, stand
And force them up again. Now though they meet
Death from above, hurled by the little band,
They clamor up the walls. In vain the brave
And stern defenders send hundreds to their graves.

Thousands replace them, until at last
The plaza's gained. Now hand to hand
The conflict rages. Now backward pressed

Within the church they make their last brave stand.
Here still, like gods, they fight. Here, one by one
They fall. The altar raised for prayer and praises sweet
Is baptized with their blood. Ere the sun
Has reached his zenith, the massacre is complete.
The martyrs lie, surrounded by their slain.
A smile of triumph rests upon each face
As though they gaze through time and space
And know their sacrifice is not in vain.

Thus as a ransom true and great
Beneath the smile of heaven.
On the altar of their infant state
Their noble lives were given
And while they died that glorious death
Eternity looked down
And laid upon each martyred brow
Fame's everlasting crown.

LITTLE PAUL



An Incident of Our Civil War.

Alas! for southern valor,
Alas! for southern right
And for the gallant soldiers
Who perished in the fight,
Who cherished southern honor
And never left their post
When the light of southern chivalry
Defied a northern host.

Alas! for those who perished
And gave their lives in vain
Whose warmest, truest heart's-blood
Flowed like the autumn rain.
Who hastened to the banner
When first they heard the call
And to save their country's chartered rights
Unswervingly gave all.

Who struggled on for four years
Till every hope had fled.
And our noble general yielded
Above our heroes dead.
Although they lost the battle
Let past events reveal
That many a throbbing southern heart
Was brave and true as steel.

They left their happy firesides
Their loved ones' clinging arms.
They left their peace and safety
For war's loud alarms.
They made a noble choice between
A coward's life or patriot's grave.

With men like these for fathers
 Could our boys be else than brave?

All honor to our gallant dead,
 Let loving hearts and true
Give to their sacred ashes
 The love and homage due.
But now I would sing the praises
 Of a noble little boy
Who saved the southern army
 And filled the south with joy.

It was in the quiet gloaming
 Of the first days of July.
Summer's seal was in the forest
 And her glory in the sky.
All was fair and fresh and peaceful
 And the twilight shadows gray
Hung like a benediction o'er
 The closing of the day.

Down where a tiny river
 Ran through the forest green

Sat Paul, a little lad

Who scarce ten years had seen,
Though his form was small and childish
His heart was brave and strong
As he sat there musing sadly
O'er his country's woes and wrongs.

For over all this fertile land

Hung the ominous cloud of war,
Though this fair land had only seen
Its lightning from afar.
But many a man had journeyed thence
To fill a soldier's tomb,
And Paul had heard the orphan's cry
And seen the ruined home.

But tonight o'er all that country

Hung a quiet, peaceful calm—
The treacherous silence that always
Precedes the rising storm.
Paul sat dreaming there of peace
Beside that murmuring stream,
And no sound of strife or battle
Broke upon his happy dream.

But hark! The earth trembles and soldiers in gray
On dust covered steeds are riding this way.
While close in their wake are soldiers in blue
Who on fast gaining charges the Southrons pursue,

"Oh, God! will they take them?" A half uttered prayer
Rose to Paul's lips when sharp on the air
Sounded a rifle, one sharp cry of pain.
The soldiers pass by. All is silent again.

The silence is broken, a moan of despair
Rises and dies on the sweet twilight air.
A soldier lies bleeding and faint in the road,
His gray coat is reeking and crimson with blood.

Paul came and bent o'er him and lifted his head,
But his face was so pale Paul thought the man dead.
"O, God! spare his life," prayed the lad soft and low,
"To fight for our country and solace her woe."

At last the brave soldier's eyes opened wide,
"All is lost, all is lost!" in anguish he cried,

"The papers I carry our army would save.
Now the flag of the foe o'er our ramparts will wave.

"I could give my life and count it gain
If I could only know
That I had caused one victory
Over my country's foe.

But now—" and more than mortal agony
Shone in his dimming eye.

"I ne'er can help my country more
And vainly do I die."

He paused awhile then clasped his hands
And conquered his despair,
And in Christian faith and courage
He breathed an earnest prayer
That God would send a messenger
To take his papers on the way
That they might reach his general's hand
Before the dawn of day.

As Paul knelt beside the soldier
A spirit brave and true
Seemed to fill his childish bosom
With strength to dare and do.
He spoke in faith and hope,
Of God's promises so fair
That he would surely, surely, hear
The Christian's earnest prayer.

"You've asked Him for a messenger,
I offer you my life,
And vow to take your papers safe
Or perish in the strife.
If you will trust them in my hands
And teach me how to go
That I may find your general
And he yet may victory know."

"But it is night," the soldier cried,
"The way is long and wild,
Beset with snares and dangers,
And you are but a child.
But still if you could take them,"

And his eyes with hope grew bright,
"Our country will reward you
"Though I shall die tonight."

Paul answered like a patriot,
"Our God will guard the brave
And take a child in safety
To where our banners wave;
If I but put my faith in Him
He will surely take me through
To save our bleeding Country
And our flag of bonnie blue."

When the soldier looked upon him
He saw his face aglow
With the faith that led our martyrs
In triumph through their woe.
His doubts and fears all vanished.
Like mist before the sun,
While hope revealed a picture
Of a brilliant victory won.

So he placed within Paul's keeping
All the papers for which he gave
His life a willing sacrifice,
If only he might save
And send them to his commander;
Then he told the boy the way,
That he might reach the general's camp
Before the dawn of day.

Then he spoke of friends and loved ones
In his home so far away,
Of a sweetheart, young and lovely,
Of a mother, old and gray—
How he loved them, how their memory
Had nerved his arm to fight—
And he prayed that they might meet him
In his Father's home so bright.

Now upon his dying features
Shone a look of love and grace,
As if through the gates of heaven
He beheld that Father's face;
And while the glory deepened



Paul hid him with his mantle,
Crossed his hands upon his breast,
Then with a last and lingering look
He left him to his rest.

His spirit took its flight
To a home among the angels,
Where all is peace and right.

Our soldier died for home and friends,
And He who died for all
Will take him home in glory
To His Father's heavenly halls.
Thus he helped to gain a victory
And a home in heaven won,
Though the South had lost a hero,
A mother, her dear son.

Paul hid him with his mantle,
Crossed his hands upon his breast,
Then, with a long and lingering look,
He left him to his rest.
He mounted the brave charger
That still stood near his side,
And, with his papers firmly clasped,
He started on his ride.

On one side he could see the firelight
From his mother's window shine,
But he only sighed, and looked away,
And left it far behind.
He knew within that cottage,
When his absence should be known,
Would be anxiety and sorrow,
While his mother wept and mourned.

For a moment then he faltered,
And his eyes were wet with tears,
As he thought of all her anguish,
All her wild and torturing fears;
But he strove against the impulse,
And conquered the desire;
He left his home behind him,
And his mother's cheerful fire.

Soon he could see before him
The lights of a village shine,
And heard, upon the steeple,
The village clock strike nine.
Still onward, ever onward,

His charger almost flew,
And Paul, clinging on with all his might,
Prayed God to take him through.

The moon rose up in splendor,
And lent her welcome light,
But soon a dark and stormy cloud
Hid her smiling face from sight;
The lightning flashed, the thunder roared,
And filled his heart with fear,
But still he struggled bravely on
Through the tempest dark and drear.

At last the horse's strength was gone—
He fell dead in the road;
But still Paul struggled bravely on,
Through storm and rain and mud.
On, on, the way seemed endless;
But the sky began to clear,
And soon the moon shone out again,
To banish doubt and fear.

Alas, for our little hero,
His own strength was failing fast;
His feet were torn and bleeding,
And his courage sank at last.
He stopped at a lighted cabin,
For he could walk no more;
He called loudly on his general's name,
And fainted at the door.

Within the cabin were the men
Whom Paul had come to seek;
They lifted him up gently,
And bathed his brow and cheek.
They rubbed his hands and warmed his feet,
And tried to ease his pain,
And watched with care and pity
Till he could speak again.

When consciousness came back to Paul,
Just at the dawn of day,
He saw, around his bedside,
Three soldiers dressed in gray.
So he told them of the papers,

And how the soldier died
Who had trusted him to bring them,
Of his long and dangerous ride.

They looked at him in wonder,
At the small and fragile form,
Who to serve his cherished country
Had braved the night and storm.
When they showed him his commander
His heart was full of joy;
And the battelfield was won that day
By the courage of a boy.

The papers told our general
The secrets of the foe,
And he knew their weakest places,
Where to strike the surest blow.
He told his men that morning
How a noble little child
Had brought the papers safely,
Through the tempest, fierce and wild.



Paul heard the cry of victory
Resounding near and far,
And on our ramparts waived the flag
That bears a single star.

Through all the heat of battle,
Through the anguish and the pain,
'Neath the iron stroke of saber
And the storm of leaden rain;
Where Death looks on in triumph
While heroes bleed and die,
Each soldier thought of that brave deed
And kept his courage high.

And when the day was ended,
And the shadows fell once more
O'er the valley strewn with corpses,
O'er the river, red with gore,
Paul heard the cry of victory
Resounding near and far,
While on our ramparts waved the flag
That bears a single star.

THE VOLUNTEERS

I had a sweetheart, faithful and true.

Good-bye, my sweetheart, good-bye.

Who fought 'neath the flag of the red, white and blue:

Good-bye, my sweetheart, good-bye.

CHORUS.

Good-bye, boys, good-bye.

Good-bye, boys, good-bye,

Good-bye, boys, good-bye.

Good-bye, my sweetheart, good-bye.

He cherished his home, with its peaceful charms.

Good-bye, my sweetheart, good-bye.

Till treachery abroad called our people to arms:

Good-bye, my sweetheart, good-bye.

CHORUS.

Then he shouldered his gun to avenge the Maine,
Good-bye, my sweetheart, good-bye,
And then with his captain he boarded the train;
Good-bye, my sweetheart, good-bye.

CHORUS.

I viewed the train through a mist of tears,
Good-bye, my sweetheart, good-bye,
All loaded down with volunteers.
Good-bye, my sweetheart, good-bye.

CHORUS.

He sailed off to Cuba, so gallant and brave,
Good-bye, my sweetheart, good-bye,
And fought till our flag on old Moro did wave;
Good-bye, my sweetheart, good-bye.

CHORUS.

Then it's cheer, boys, cheer,
Then it's cheer, boys, cheer,
Then it's cheer, boys, cheer,
Three cheers for the boys in blue!

Then when his duty in Cuba was done,
Hurrah for the boys in blue!
He sailed back home to his faithful one;
Hurrah for the boys in blue!

CHORUS.

We greet the train with our grateful cheer,
Hurrah for the boys in blue!
The nation honors its volunteers;
Hurrah for the boys in blue!

CHORUS.

VINDICATION

To the court in our capital city
The eyes of the Southland are turned—
Will it give to our hero and idol
The laurels he justly hath earned?

At last will it mete out the justice
Withheld by our country so long?
Shall the names of Schley and Dewey
Be linked in lyric and song?

Will it place by the side of our Dewey
Another as noble and brave,
Who sustained the fierce heat of the conflict,
The fleet of his country to save?

Oh, the heart of the Southland was heavy
With the weight of injustice and wrong,
The envy and cold ingratitude
Its idol had borne so long.

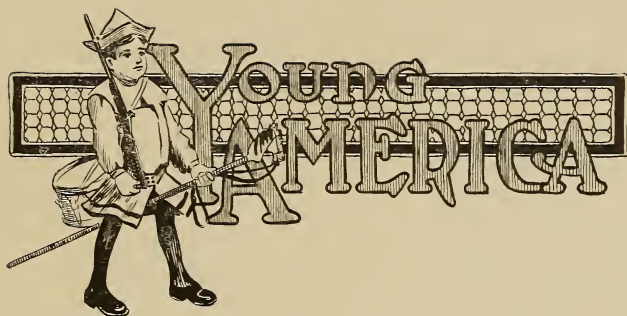
He smiled when his ungrateful country
Gave to another the praise—
If only his fleet were victorious,
What cared he for laurels or bays?

But when ignominy was added,
The cup of endurance was full;
Shall the unsullied name of his fathers
Go down on the records with Hull?

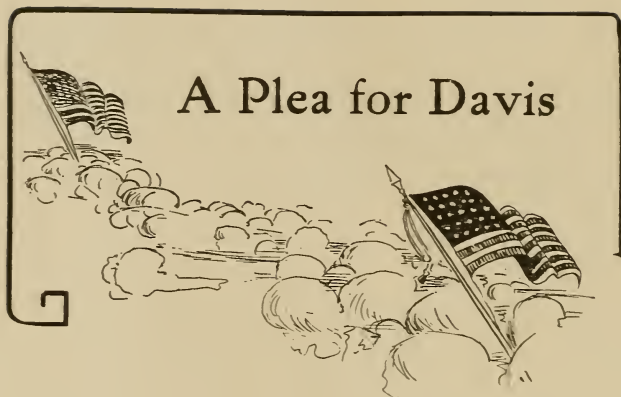
Nay! The name he received from his father
His children as proudly shall wear,
And the pages of history forever
Their records of justice shall bear.

Still Dewey, the hero of Manilla,
The real decision must make:
We wait in faith for his verdict,
Which the country that loves him will take.

'Tis over! the verdict is rendered:
Let the heart of the Southland rejoice,
Till the furtherest bounds of the Northland
Shall echo its jubilant voice.



When I'm a man, a man,
I'll be a soldier if I can—
And I can.
I'll wear the blue;
I'll be so true
To my country and you,
You'll be
Proud of me,
When I fight for liberty.



A Plea for Davis

In ancient Greece, when time was young
And Sparta's sun ascendant,
When through the laws Lycurgus gave,
Her valor shone resplendent:

The Spartans held the Helots slaves.
And bondage so tyrannical
Moved Jupiter to rage, who gave
A Solon to their rival.

He made laws to rule his land
In charity and wisdom,
And laid in her acropolis
The corner-stone of Freedom.

Then Athens grew in art and lore,
Each year more strength attaining,
And soon on Sparta's boasted might
Quite rapidly was gaining.

For Solon made each slave a man,
With a freeman's rights inviolate;
In making laws to rule their land
All subjects might participate.

But on the consciences of men
He laid no false restrictions;
In civil conflicts each man might
Fight for his own convictions.

And they alone who failed to draw
Their swords to win their cause
Were cowards called, and nevermore
Might help to make their laws.

Soon Athens, in her strength and power,
And wisdom true and just,
Bent Sparta's false and vaunting pride,
And trailed it in the dust.

Then Helots, taking heart once more,
Formed a freeman's brave alliance,
And in Ithome's unyielding walls
Set their masters at defiance.

When in our infancy our sires
The constitution drafted,
They took some of the Athenian's laws
And in our charter grafted.

When civil conflict shook our land,
And brother fought with brother,
Each chose the side he thought was right
And fiercely charged the other.

For four long years the battle raged,
And filled our land with weeping;
Until upon our battlefields
Many brave men were sleeping.

At last, on Appomattox' field,
Lee offered Grant his sword,
And ne'er to fight the Union more
Plighted his faithful word.

But Grant at once returned the sword,
In true and noble justice,
And paid unto the fallen chief
A tribute to his greatness.



At last on Appomattox's field
Lee offered Grant his sword.

Long years have past, and from our land
The cloud of war has vanished,
And from our hearts, by union joined,
All hatred we have banished.

One sorrow dims our present joy—
Davis, the Southern chief,
Died an outcast in his native land,
Bearing all blame and grief.

But hark! from Cuba's struggling shore
Sounds the muskets' roar and rattle;
To-day, athwart an azure sky,
Gleamed the harbingers of battle.

A sword and cannon, snowy white,
Symbolical of purity,
Changed to an arch, which clasped and bound
The North and South in unity.*

Now we, with eyes of faith, may read
The vision's meaning plain,
And hail with joy the chance to purge
From Davis' name the stain;

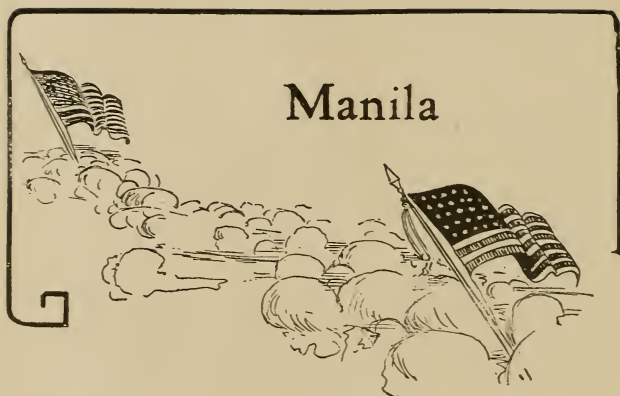
And rallying 'round our country's flag,
From valley, field and hill,
We hope to prove that Southern men
Are patriotic still.

Then, when in answer to the call
Of our united nation,
We've freely poured our life blood out
Upon the land and ocean,

In aiding Cuba's struggling cause,
Or fighting for the honor
Of our dear land where'er shall wave
Her heaven-given banner,

We'll ask our Government to write
Again upon its pages
Our chieftain's name where it may remain
Through all the coming ages.

And may the God of Attica
Reveal the Athenian's wisdom,
And teach us that a nation's strength
Lies in its subjects' freedom.



In the dawn of May-day morning
Our ships entered Manila bay,
And steamed, without pausing or warning,
To where the grim enemy lay;
Then from the throats of our sailors
Rang their war-cry, "Remember the Maine!"
Sending confusion and terror
Through the ranks of treacherous Spain.

For a moment each sailor and gunner
 Bowed his head in silence to pray
That God, the avenger of evil,
 Would watch o'er our vessels that day;
Then, louder than blasts of the trumpet
 Or music of fife or drum,
Sounded the roar of the cannon,
 And the shrieking of shell and bomb.

But over our ships and our seamen
 The war-god kept guard that day,
And through all the heat of the conflict
 Turned the enemy's missiles away;
But he gave to the noble avengers
 Of our martyrs who sank with Maine,
The power to hurl death and destruction
 To the minions and vessels of Spain.

When the fierce conflict was over
 Not a flag of yellow was seen,
But o'er all the ships in the harbor
 Old Glory was floating serene;
Our men all answered the roll-call,
 And our nation's gratitude flows

To the noble crews of our squadron,
Who destroyed the fleet of our foes.

To thee, George Dewey, the commander,
We offer a great nation's thanks,
And pray that thy war-cry may ever
Send confusion through the enemy's ranks.
We sing thy glad praises, nor falter
For fear that dishonor or shame
Will ever o'ertake or diminish
The light of thy glorious name.*

For the things that are omens of evils
To monarchs, their subjects and slaves,
Have always brought triumph and honor
Where the flag of Columbia waves;
And when, in the wars of the future,
A commander wins fame on the sea,
We will call his victory his Manila,
And will liken the hero to thee.

*This refers to the superstition that it is unlucky to sing a warrior's praise until after his death.



Our War With Spain

My children, you beg for a story—

Shall I tell how Columbia's brave sons
Dared to fight and die for her glory,

How they faced the enemy's guns?

How mowed down the ranks of the Spaniards;

How they faced disease, danger and death?

How they charged without pausing or shinking

Before the cannon's hot breath?



Her daughters as true as their brothers
Went bravely to pest house and camp.

Her daughters, as true as their brothers,
Went bravely to pest-house and camp,
And tenderly nursed the sick soldiers,
And smoothed from their brows the death damp.
Oh, nobly they did their full duty!
No poet of future years
Can sing of a lack of their nursing,
Or a dearth of their womanly tears.

For years we had seen the poor Cubans
Contend for their freedom in vain;
We had seen them driven back and outnumbered
By the cruel army of Spain.
Their faithful wives were insulted;
Their maidens with violence were torn
From the homes that had sheltered their childhood,
And to loathsome prisons were borne.

We longed with the longing of freemen
To see the whole world free;
We prayed that the struggling Cubans
Might gain their liberty;
And we sent on a peaceful mission

Our gallant battleship Maine
To a port in Cuban waters,
Beneath the flag of Spain.

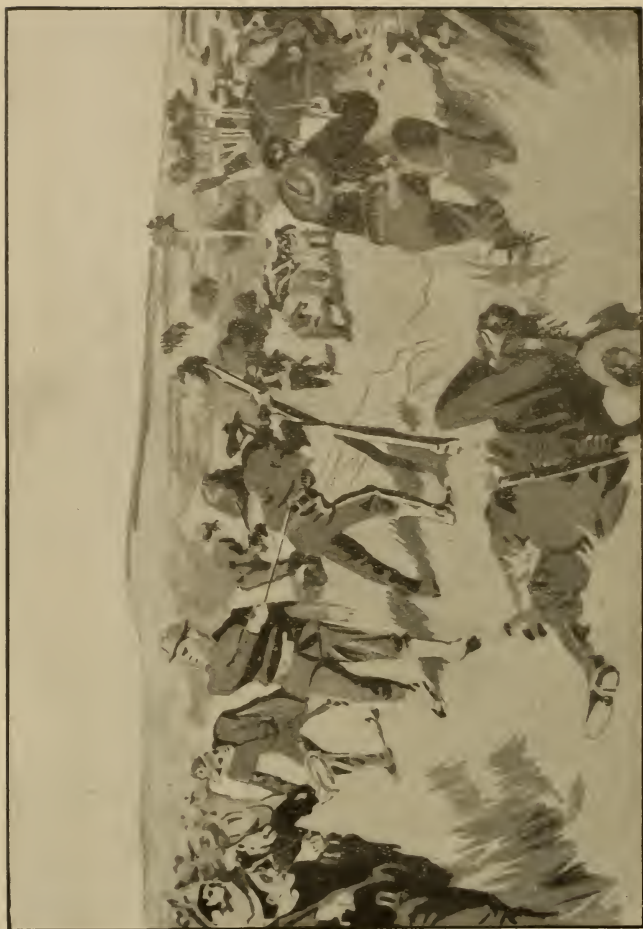
One night, when their tasks were ended,
And the clock had chimed the hour of release,
While our weary men were sleeping
The calm, sweet sleep of peace,
There came a crash like thunder,
Tearing our vessel in twain—
Down went our ship, with its sailors,
Victims of treacherous Spain.

Then over this land of Freedom
Swept a great cyclone of wrath,
And we vowed, as we mourned our sailors,
Full vengeance for their death.
Now over all our country
Is heard the clashing of steel.
While the hurried massing of armies
Our purpose doth reveal.

Brave patriots are marching,
From cities and ranches and farms,
And at the call of their country
They offer their lives and arms.
We see them leaving our borders,
Without regret or fears;
We know they will keep, untarnished,
The glory of vanished years.

Each soldier holds in his bosom
A talisman 'gainst all fear;
The spell-word of their courage
Is "Liberty," so dear.
Oh, they were born and nurtured
Where Freedom's anthems ring,
Where a true American patriot
Ranks higher than a king.

Now should other nations dare meddle,
Let them hear Wisdom's voice and beware,
For we send forth our sons to battle,
Well-armed with courage and prayer;
And he who fights with our army



BATTLE OF EL CANEY

Must face an invincible host,
For Freedom still fights with her children,
And her cause can never be lost.

Scarce had our bugle sounded
Its notes of warning afar,
Proclaiming to all the nations
That we and Spain were at war,
Than there came from across the waters
Glad tidings of victory sweet—
Our Dewey in far-off Manila
Had vanquished the Spanish fleet.

Through the swamps 'round Santiago de Cuba,
Against odds fearful and great,
Up the cannon-crowned hill of El Caney,
With the resistless fury of fate,
Our troops climbed slowly upward,
While their comrades were falling around,
And the blood of heroes immortal
In torrents covered the ground.

Now on the breast of the ocean
Is heard the roar of the fight.
The boasted fleet of the Spaniards
Is steaming away in full flight.
But our gallant Schley is chasing.
And soon the vessels of Spain
Have disappeared from the waters—
Just vengeance for the Maine.

While our noble sailors were rending,
With their cries of victory, the air
They thought of their fallen companions,
And bowed their heads in prayer:
Then, with hearts subdued by this sorrow,
They thanked God for His aid in the fight,
Who always turns with His favor
The balance for justice and right.

Then our troops move on to the city,
On, on through the ranks of the foe,
And soon the emblem of Freedom
Is waving from the crest of Moro.

Oh, the blood of such heroes is sacred,
And kinship with spirits like these
Will strengthen our arms to battle,
Upon the land and seas.

Thus with the blood of the foemen,
While their soldiers flee or fall,
We interpret for the Spaniards
The writing on the wall;
And now in the frenzy of terror
They beg that the war shall cease,
And ask us to tell M. Cambon
Our easiest terms of peace.

While love of our country still lingers,
And memory of great deeds shall last,
We will point with pride to the heroes
Who ennobled the wars of the past.
We will teach our children to love them,
And wherever the war-winds blow,
They will fight with courage, undaunted,
Before the ranks of the foe.

And shrined in the hearts of the people,
Wherever our banner shall wave,
Wherever the sunlight of Freedom
Illumines the breast of the brave,
The stars and stripes of Old Glory
Forever and ever shall be
The emblem and pride of our country,
The anchor and hope of the free.

My children, the story is finished;
May it teach you that valor and worth
Outweigh all other possessions,
For heaven holds more than earth;
And should your country e'er need you,
While our banner floats proudly on high,
May it teach you to fight for her honor,
With the courage to conquer or die.

THE IDEAL

We dream of a glorious ideal,
And fashion a future so bright,
Where the perfect is joined to the real,
And pleasure and peace to the right;

We dream of a fair to-morrow,
Of love and bliss and joy,
With never a pain or a sorrow
Our perfect peace to alloy.

But, alas! when our youth is ended,
And the sorrows of life are our own,
When pain is with fondest hope blended,
And peace from our bosoms has flown,

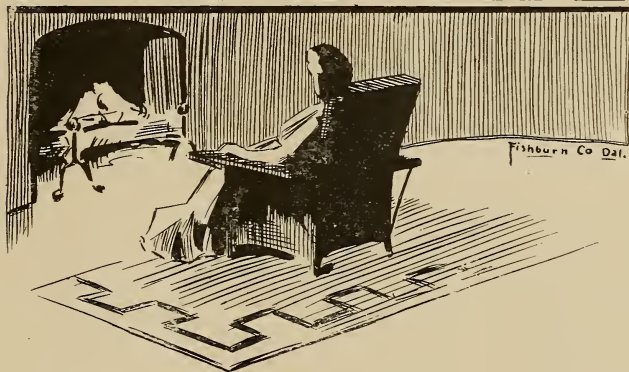
We think of our youthful ambition,
And the future we fashioned so fair,
Which brought so full a fruition
Of misery, sorrow and care.

But the things we have sought since life's morning,
And will seek till the close of the day,
We shall find at the glorious dawning
When the sorrows of earth pass away.

When the last farewell is spoken,
And we've laid us down to rest,
With our faith in Christ unbroken,
And His promise in our breast,

We shall find a fairer real
Than by fancy ever given,
And our almost lost ideal
Shall be ours for aye in heaven.

AT EVENTIDE



I am looking to-night through the vista
Of years that are vanished and past,
And the glamor and glory fall o'er me
Of dreams too lovely to last.

Again I can see around me
The dear ones I loved in my youth,
The ones who have passed forever
From the joys and sorrows of earth.

I close my eyes and the present
Gives place to the things of old,
When life seemed fair as a flower,
And the future a mystery untold.

My dear old father and mother
Are sitting again by the hearth,
And the laughter of sisters and brothers
Fills the quiet old room with their mirth.

A manly form is beside me,
His face with love aglow—
'Tis he who wooed me and won me
In the happy days long ago.

But I see not the long, waving grasses,
Where they've all lain down to rest,
For the loved of the past are with me,
And the fullness of peace in my breast.

I reach my arms yearningly toward them,
But before I can speak they are gone;
The loved of the past have vanished,
My vision of happiness flown.

But the peace that the dream has brought me
Can never wholly depart,
And the message of love that it left me
Has lessened this pain at my heart;

And I wait in faith by the river,
Until I shall join them once more,
And be reunited forever
On that fair and beautiful shore.

TWO LOVES

There are moments of happiness hidden
In the fair, sunny isles of the past,
Which rise to my memory, unbidden,
Like dreams too lovely to last;

But whenever my eyes backward wander,
Adown the dim vista of years,
I can see, intermixed with the splendor,
The lowering cloud of tears,

And I hail as the past's chiefest treasure
A vision of passion and pain;
A face that thrilled me with pleasure
My heart may ne'er feel again.

'Tis the face of a dear little maiden,
A maiden I loved in my youth,
When the mystical future seemed laden
With laurels for virtue and truth.

Her face had the light of the morning,
Her eyes were as dark as the night;
Upon her soft cheeks the bright dawning
Had painted its gleamings of light.

We had loved from life's earliest hours,
And exchanged our vows many times;
I had wooed her with blossoms and flowers,
And praised her in sonnets and rhymes.

For her sake I would win gold and glory,
And climb the steep mountains of Fame;
And then, for the end of the story,
Would lay at her feet wealth and name.

Her eyes were loving and tender,
As she vowed to be faithful and true,
And I, as I gazed on their splendor,
Felt the strength the whole world to subdue.

Oh, bright seemed the future before me,
As I labored by night and by day,
While the glamor her love had thrown o'er me
Chased all the dark shadows away.

But while the years past and still found me
A stranger to wealth and renown;
While the obstacles fate had thrown 'round me,
Like a millstone still held me down,

There came from the city another,
Far richer in lucre and land.
And, heeding the voice of her mother,
She gave the new suitor her hand.

Bright smiled the skies above her,
 Though dark and gloomy my fate,
And the heart she had once taught to love her.
 Was filled with contempt and hate.

But when she came back from the city,
 With her face all weary and worn,
I felt my heart throb with pity
 For my old love, so sad and forlorn.

They brought her, when meadows were blooming,
 Back home in her casket of steel;
The heart that once throbbed at my coming,
 Nor joy nor sorrow could feel.

Thus death did her golden bond sever,
 After life had its bitterness proved,
And I banished all hatred forever
 By the grave of the girl I had loved.



I met you 'neath an old oak's shadow
And my heart acknowledged its queen.

For the beautiful maiden I cherished
I still feel a tender regret;
Though my passion for her has perished,
Its sweetness I ne'er can forget,

But still dream of the whispered confession
She made me so long ago,
For a blissful, first-love impression
The heart cannot wholly out-grow.

But Time, with his fingers of healing,
Touched lightly the wounds she had made,
While nature to me was revealing
New beauty in forest and glade.

One day, when forest and meadow
Were clothed in their mantles of green,
I met you 'neath an old oak's shadow,
And my heart acknowledged its queen.

The days have been sunny and pleasant
Since you placed your hand in mine,
And from that time until the present
Has my heart safely trusted in thine.

Oh, my last love is purest and sweetest,
And flows without murmur or stop,
As streams that run the deepest
Are stillest at the top.

IF I WERE DEAD

If I were dead, beloved, you would come
And gaze with tearful eyes upon my face;
Would kneel beside me then, with loving grace,
And rain warm kisses upon lip and brow,
So thirsty for love's sweet assurance now.

If I were dead, beloved, you would place
My senseless form within a casket bright,
And have it draped in costly raiment white,
Then at my head you'd raise a marble high;
Yet while I live my fondest wish deny.

If I were dead, beloved one, the faults
That vex you now would all forgotten be,
And only things that pleased in retrospect you'd see;
Although in life no words of praise you said,
Perhaps I'd please you, dear, if I were dead.

Ah! while I live, beloved one, I crave
Thy loving kindness and thy gentle praise
To light my pathway o'er life's rugged ways;
Now let the sunlight of thy love be shed—
It could not wake me, dear, if I were dead.



The shepherds on the hills heard anthems sweet.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS MORNING

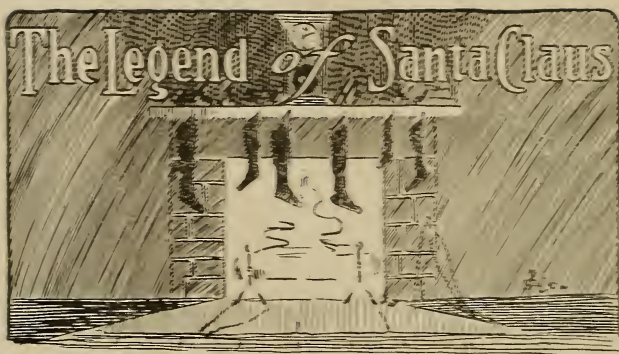
The world was lost in darkness. In the sky
Stars pierced the gloom and prophesied of day.
The folds lay quiet on the peaceful hills,
And tender shepherds there kept watch and ward.

In the dark valley the city dreaming lay,
Lost in forgetfulness and sin, nor knew
That it was lost. Strangers filled its inns;
In a rude manger a gentle princess passed
The night in pain.

When morning dawned
A baby nestled in her loving arms.

The shepherds on the hills heard anthems sweet,
And, looking up, saw heaven's hosts descend,
And the bright star, that since that time has shed
Its light through all the world, dispelling gloom,
Stood motionless above the manger where
The baby, sleeping, lay.

"Glory to God," sang the angel hosts again,
"For a Savior is born to the world."



Have you heard of the wonderful wish-tree
That grows in the realm of King Frost?
The way to this wonderful wish-tree
To all save St. Nicholas is lost.

Once, so runs the legend,
While Christ sojourned on earth,
There came a man to the Savior,
Who loved little ones and their mirth.

He came with the wisdom of sages
And a spirit undefiled,
And knelt at the feet of the Master,
With the trusting heart of a child,

And begged that to him be given
The privilege for aye
To bring joy to little children
On Jesus' natal day.

Now Christ Himself loved the children,
And to them His blessing was given,
As He bade us all to be like them,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

So He touched the suppliant gently,
Making him the children's knight,
With the power to visit them yearly
On the eve of Christmas bright.

Then they planted in the Northland frozen
A tree which naught can destroy,
On which should grow all the wishes
Of every girl and boy.

But when a child is naughty
A toy falls from the tree,
And Santa Claus grieves o'er the fragments
Of the things that were to be.

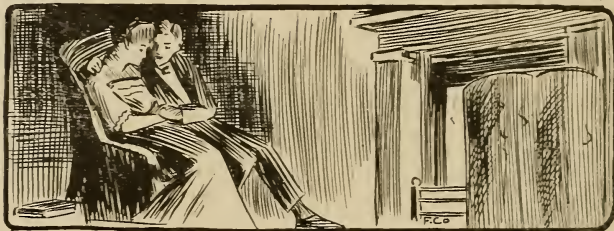
When he hears the glad Hosanna
Of Christ-tide and its peace,
Floating out over this weary planet,
Bidding all tumult to cease,

He comes, with his prancing reindeers,
On his mission of love and joy,
And leaves at every fireside
Gifts for each girl and boy.

Next morn in the earliest dawning,
As the little ones find each toy,
They wake this old earth from its dreaming
With their happiness and joy.

And in their innocent gladness,
We catch faint echoes still
Of the glorious song that the angels
Sang on Judea's hill.

HER RIVAL



My love, you have asked me a question
That is hard to answer true;
You have asked if I e'er loved another
Before I came courting you.

And yet I will answer you truly,
Since you must share my life;
For no secret should ever be standing
Between a man and his wife.

Once in my earliest manhood
I loved a maiden fair,

With eyes like the heart of a pansy,
And bright and shining hair.

I loved her fondly and blindly,
With all love's passionate pain,
And her memory haunted me ever,
Like a sad, though sweet, refrain.

But I never could tell her my passion;
She seemed far out of my reach,
And her presence found me always
Without the power of speech.

So I left her without ever telling
The love that was hid in my heart,
And soon, in distant cities,
We drifted far apart.

But I close my eyes to-night, love,
And gaze again on her face,
So full of youth's fair beauty,
Its sweet and tender grace.

Ah! sweet, you asked me the question—
Thine the blame if the answer should be

A bitter draught for thy wedding feast,
Held up to thy lips by me.

But the love that I hid in my heart then
Only grew and strengthened with years,
And seemed ever calling me to her,
In spite of love's torturing fears.

Your presence is very sweet, love;
Your face is winsome and fair:
But I look in my heart and I find, love,
Her name the talisman there.

Dear love, your face is averted;
Your little hand trembles in mine,
And I think, on your long, curling lashes,
I can see two pearly drops shine:

But I beg of you not to grieve, love.
But raise your eyes, trusting and bright,
While I whisper close in your ear, love—
I married her, darling, to-night.

A FRAGMENT

Could nature stand still for a moment,
In a pause of sweet content,
Would it prove but a rift in the music,
Or a rest that the Master meant;
A prelude to something grander,
More eloquent and vast,
The dawn of a wonderful future,
The close of a wonderful past?

Papa's "Yady"



Down I kneel upon the grasses,
Like the cavaliers of old,
Watching Irma as she passes
Through the bowers of green and gold.

O! she makes my heart rejoice,
 With her eyes of asphodels,
And she thrills me with her voice,
 Clear as silver bells.

With fond eyes, I gaze down at her,
 Wondering can she tell;
Though my praises never flatter,
 Still I love her well.

Ah! she smiles with knowing grace,
 This wee woman, sweet and fair—
Little maid with angel face,
 And her crown of golden hair.

Now she comes, with loving charms,
 Through the gateway, cool and shady,
Clasps my neck with dimpled arms,
 Murmuring, "Papa's Yady."



When cold December's frosty breath
Blew over fields and meadows fair,
Singing to them their dirge of death,
Leaving them brown and bare,

He spread above each field and tree
A winding-sheet of white,
And 'twas a world of purity
When our first-born viewed the light.

A rosy cherub without wings,
Upon whose altar new we laid
Our brightest hopes of holiest things,
In love's pure robes arrayed.

With joy each day we praise anew
The rosy cheeks and laughing eyes,
And still, with trembling rapture, view
Each new attainment with surprise.

The flashing eye and lofty brow
Reveal the intellect divine,
The master-mind that even now
Adorns the crown-prince of our line.

O! may he hold to virtue firm,
In spotless truth and purity,
For in him now we can discern
Our president that is to be.

When July smiled on land and sea,
And Independence day came 'round,
Filling our land with joy and glee
And patriotic shouts and sounds,

Our blue-eyed boy raised his voice
And joined the resounding revelry,
Showing thus early that his choice
To defend his country's flag would be.

And Hope once more spread visions fair,
Filling our throbbing hearts with joy,
As we bowed us once again in prayer
By the cradle of our soldier boy.

We forward look with faith and pride
Adown Time's vista dim and far,
And see him sail the ocean wide,
The Dewey of some future war.

O! wise old Boreas could see
Their future triumphs and their needs,
So he brought our baby boy to be
The laureate of his brothers' deeds.

Thus, mother-wise, I dream sweet dreams
Of future greatness, future good,
Lighting with love's divinest beams
The paradise of motherhood.

But while these dreams my thoughts employ
I know God, in His wisdom true,
Has given to each darling boy
Some noble task to do.

So when, dear ones, I kneel at night
Beside your beds, I only pray
That God will guide your steps aright
And lead you to eternal day.



I sit within thy home and hold
Thy child upon my knee.

TO ONE IN HEAVEN

Dear friend, we loved each other in the glad,
 bright days
Of vanished years,
But thou hast journeyed on before me
 To other spheres.

I sit within thy home and hold
 Thy child upon my knee,
And as I gaze into his soft, dark eyes
 I think of thee.

I think of thee, and all the love I bore thee
 In that fair past,
Until a rival came and o'er me
 A shadow cast.

Thou gavest him thy hand; for five short years
Thou wast his wife.
And then thou left us, spite of prayers and tears,
For fuller life.

And unto me thou gavest friendship true
Whilst thou didst live.
And I, dear friend, gave all to thee
That I could give.

Thy husband loved thee, too, and gave to thee
His tenderest care;
He shielded thee from sorrow, made thy pathway
ever
Bright and fair.

But my heart is sad and my eyes are dim,
As I listen to him now,
While he repeats unto another
The marriage vow.

I would have died for thee, and to thy son,
Thy dearest treasure,
I give all that I am, or was, or may be,
In fullest measure.

Mine be the task to lead him in the pathway
Which thou hast trod,
To point to him the narrow gate which leadeth
To thee and God.

And in that better land, when I shall kneel
With thy dear face above me,
My joy will be complete if only thou canst feel
How well I love thee.



We strolled along the grassy lane,
By orchards brightly blowing.

A LOVE SONG

Love, love, rememberest thou
The day we strolled together,
By murmuring stream and budding bough,
In spring's delicious weather?

O! the sweet day, the fleet day,
Though dark or bright to-morrow,
Its light, I know, some beam will throw,
To brighten every sorrow.

We strolled along the grassy lane,
By orchards brightly blowing,
And to our ears came the refrain
Of water softly flowing.

O! the gay time, the May time—
The May of love and bliss, dear!
O! from my heart can ne'er depart
The memory of your kiss, dear.

For there, beneath the glowing skies,
You told the old, old story;
You read your answer in my eyes,
You filled my life with glory.

O! the fair sky, the clear sky!
May the sky, above us bending,
A symbol be to thee and me
Of love's sweet light unending.

Since then, sweetheart, through good or ill,
Our paths have lain together;
Your bosom is my shelter still,
In sad or singing weather.

O! the glad years, the sad years,
The years of fond emotion!
Through bliss or care, our barks will bear
To love's infinite ocean.

Think not, dear heart, though death may part
Our paths awhile, that God would fashion
A love divine, like thine and mine,
And then destroy the passion.

O! happy time, O! blissful clime!
O! speed the sweet reunion,
When we shall stand at God's right hand,
In love's eternal union.

To Annie



I have loved you, dearest Annie,
With a love as warm and true
As the strongest tie of friendship
Ever bound a heart to you.

Tell me, Annie, dearest Annie,
Where you found the magic art?
Did a gracious fairy tell you
How to catch and hold each heart?

Did you to some blooming valley
Journey, this fair sprite to see,
To a fairy palace hidden
'Neath the grasses on the lea?

I would know that, while I bind you
Closer to this heart of mine,
I might place my name forever
In the loving thoughts of thine.

DUTY

Do your duty bravely, nobly,
Though the doing causeth pain,
For each act and each impression
Leaves its impress on the brain.

Strive, then, ever to be Christ-like.
And defy temptation's might;
In sorrow let this be your solace;
God is always with the right.

When He wills, who can withstand Him?
Who defeat this supreme Friend?
He has said: "Lo, I am with you
Always, even to the end."

A TRANSPLANTED FLOWER

A Transplanted Flower.

I held a flower, a tiny, fragile flower,
Clasped to my throbbing heart a little space;
Ah! happy time! Its breath against my face
Was like the perfume of a summer shower.
The Master came and asked of me my flower;
I gave it back, but, oh! its happy place
Was but a void, while it had gone to grace
The overflowing ranks of heaven's bower.

"Could you not spare this one wee plant to me,"
In anguish deep and wild, I cried in vain,
"To cheer my pathway through this vale of pain,
And guide my faltering footsteps unto Thee?"
But He, in love and wisdom, answered, "No,
For with its treasure is the heart also."



Where I may go alone,
And o'er its grave in solitude may weep.

FAREWELL

Farewell! Thenceforth our paths must lie apart;
No more our lips with lingering kiss may meet—
Ah! never more! With sad and faltering feet,
I wander lone. No more my blood will start
With quicker throb back to my bounding heart
When thy dear voice my listening ears shall greet,
With tender accents, tremulous and sweet.
Good-bye, for aye! My face has lost the art

Of pleasing thee; love's witchery is gone.
But in my heart the vision, buried deep,
Lies 'neath the withered hopes of those glad years,
Embalmed and bright, where I may go alone,
And o'er its grave in solitude may weep,
Nor dim thy joy with my regretful tears.

JOHN SLEYCHK RILEY

When Memory points again to youthful days
I see a hero, standing in his pride;
One who the storms of two fierce wars defied,
Then gladly left the sword for peaceful ways.
Still like a king he stands beneath the blaze
Of unkind envy, still withstands the tide
Of ignorant malice;* until far and wide
His name is echoed, ringing with the praise

Of grateful hearts whose homes are blessed and cheered
By the dear ones his healing skill did save;
The homes of want, whose suffering and needs
Before his cheerful aid all disappeared.
Thus he crowned his life, so generous and brave,
With gentle charity and noble deeds.

*This has reference to the prejudices of ignorant religionists on account of his religious belief.

MARTHA CALCOTE RILEY

Another picture hangs on Memory's wall,
And when on this I gaze, fond love can trace
A queenly dignity and gentle grace—
A charm beyond all words, and over all
The tender breathings of sweet virtue fall,
Illumining with light my mother's face,
And that sweet light shines clear through time and space
And o'er my spirit casts a tender thrall,

Guiding my footsteps to that land where love
Doth reign supreme. May this fair heritage
Her daughter's glory; may I ever prove
Her daughter's glory; may I ever be
Worthy her training, and from youth to age
Follow her footsteps to heaven's crystal sea.





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